Thou shew'st the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching sterne murther how to butcher thee:
That which in meane men we intitle patience
Is pale cold cowardise in noble breasts:
What shall I say, to safegard thine owne life,
The best way is to venge my *Glosters* death.
Gaunt. Heavens is the quarrell: for Heavens substitute
His Deputy annoynted in his sight,
Hath caus'd his death, the which if wrongfully,
Let heaven revenge; for I may neuer lift
An angry arme against his Minister.
Dut. Where then (alas) may I complaine my selfe?
Gaun. To heaven, the widdowes Champion to defence.
Dut. Why then I will: farewell old *Gaunt*.
Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold
Our Cosin *Hereford*, and fell *Mowbray* fight:
O sit my husbands wrongs on *Herefords* speare,
That it may enter butcher Mowbrayes breast:
Or if misfortune misse the first carreere,
Be *Mowbrayes* sinnes so heavy in his bosome,
That they may breake his foaming courlers backe,
And throw the Rider headlong in the Lists,
A Caytiffe recreant to my Cosin *Hereford*.
Farewell old *Gaunt*, thy sometimes brothers wife
With her companion Greefe, must end her life.
Gau. Sister fare well; I must to Coventry,
As much good stay with thee, as go with me.
Dut. Yet one word more Greefe boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollownesse, but weight.
I take my leaue before I haue begun,
For sorrow ends not: when it seemeth done.
Commend me to my brother *Edward Yorke*.
Loe, this is all: nay yet depart not so,
Though this be all, do not so quickely goe,
I shall remember more. Bid him, Oh, what?
With all good speed at *Plesbie* visite me.
Alacke, and what shall good old *Yorke* there see
But empty lodgings, and unfurnish'd walles,

Vn-peopl'd Offices, untroden
And what heare there for welco
Therefore commend me, let hin
To seeke out sorrow, that dwe
Desolate, desolate will I hence
The last leave of thee, takes my

Scæna T

Enter Marshall, an

Mar. My L. *Aumerle*, is *H*
Aum. Yea, at all poynts, an
Mar. The Duke of Norfolke
Stayes but the summons of the
Au. Why then the Champio
For nothing but his Maiesties a

Enter King, Gaunt, Bushy,
and others: Then Mowb
mor, and Harr

Rich. Marshall, demand of
The cause of his arrivall here in
Aske him his name, and orderl
To sweare him in the justice o
Mar. In Gods Name, and the
And why thou com'st, thus Kn
Against what man thou com'st,
Speake truely, on thy Knight ho
As so defend thee heaven, and
Mow. My name is *Tho. Mo*
Who hither come engaged by
(Which heaven defend a Knig
Both to defend my loyalty a
To God, my King, and his su
Ag ainst the Duke of Hereford

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22313) LONDON, 1634 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.45)